

WILD WEST METHODS.

The shooting of James McCoy in the back of the head by County Detective McLellan was startling enough; the extenuation of it by District-Attorney Jerome is most amazing. A county detective is not a peace officer, by the District-Attorney's confession; he "has no power that the ordinary citizen does not possess." Yet because he was assisting a policeman to apprehend a man not a fugitive from justice the detective "was warranted in shooting." "It justified him in using all the force necessary, or apparently necessary, even to killing a man, to effect an arrest." And Mr. Jerome adds that his detective only did what he would have done himself in the same case!

This is not the excuse of a Tombstone or Deadwood town marshal for a shot at "Wild Bill;" it is the excuse of a high judicial officer in New York. It makes a detective's revolver drawn in the excitement of the moment judge, jury and court of last resort in determining a man's guilt or innocence. Wherein it is superior to the rough-and-ready methods of Judge Lynch is not apparent.

STRAIGHT TALK.

The remarkable interview given by Mr. W. S. Devery to The Evening World yesterday has been supplemented and completed by some further remarks in the Morning World to-day in which the ex-chief, or, as he insists, the real chief, "says things."

Serene in the consciousness of his independence, Mr. Devery not only rules Croker out of Tammany, but out of the United States, classing him with W. W. Astor, pays his respects to the mighty triumvirate of Murphy, McMahon and Haffen with an irony worthy of his best days in Mulberry street, incidentally calls attention to the "contractors' ring" in this city which is gradually squeezing the small contractors out of existence, volunteers an opinion on Fire Chief Croker as a "star gazer," on Commissioner Partridge as a "real nice old man," and on Nixon and Freedman and Dunn and others, and finally winds up with an emphatic declaration that it is time for the old gang to get out; they have all made their piles and the younger man ought to be allowed their chance.

And the most remarkable thing about it is that Mr. Devery not only hits the mark every time he speaks, but he voices the sentiments of the rank and file of Tammany more accurately than any one else in the organization has dared to do. His remarks will command the careful perusal of a wide circle of readers.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Disorder and riot have prevailed in Chicago for the past two days with a promise of more to come. The strike of the stockyards teamsters has led to a strike of the delivery wagon drivers of the department stores. The whole police force of the city has been kept fully occupied in coping with defiant lawlessness of mobs, and unless there is a speedy change for the better in the situation the country may witness the unwelcome spectacle of one of its large cities forced to appeal to military rule to keep the peace.

Worse than the pecuniary loss of the strike and the damage to property and business is the bad feeling engendered and the class hostility developed and let loose. These evil consequences will last after the strike is settled. They can be removed only by removing the causes which have led to so ugly an outbreak among the usually peace-loving and good-natured people of Chicago.

If we wish to trace the trouble to its true cause we have only to turn from the report of the riot in Chicago in the morning papers to the report of the proceedings in New Orleans before the United States Grand Jury in which the Beef Trust asserted its existence by an impudent defiance of the authority of the United States. The cause and effect are not far apart.

JUSTICE GAYNOR ON SUNDAY SPORTS.

Seventeen-year-old Frederick Bedell, arrested for playing baseball in the Hempstead Meadows on Sunday, was taken before Justice Gaynor in Brooklyn yesterday on a writ of habeas corpus. Bedell was one of twenty-seven boys gathered in by the police on the complaint of "a Mr. Willetts, a pulpit orator." In setting him free the Justice said: "Why don't you arrest the men who are playing golf instead of the boys who are playing baseball?"

This was a highly improper question, quite beneath the judicial dignity. What has Sunday golf in common with Sunday baseball? Each, of course, is an outdoor sport engaged in for recreation and equally in contempt of the Sabbatharian spirit. But what a difference in the players! When quiet, well-groomed gentlemen who have had a bath in the morning go out for diversion on the fair green, rented and kept in order by their own money, are they to be lumped with noisy boys, very likely unwashed, also seeking diversion but hardly possessing the price of carfare to the vacant lots where a rude diamond is marked out?

The Justice is too democratic; his law may be sound, but he is too little regardful of the nice distinctions between the tweed-dum and the tweed-dee of Sunday sports.

THE SUNDAY SANDWICH.

When the chef of the most noble Earl of Sandwich put a slice of cold meat between two slices of buttered bread and passed his master's name on to posterity he was practically unaware of the greatness of his deed. "He builded better than he knew." He could not foresee the importance in the law of his modest contribution to the menu of man. The sandwich is now, by Magistrate Zeller's decision, a meal; like an egg or a glass of milk it contains all the essentials of complete nutrition—at least for Sunday. And it is probably the only artificial product of life alimentary completeness.

In handing down his decision, which is in the case of a restaurant waiter in Little Coney Island, the Magistrate says that while "the man of means" desirous of a drink on Sunday has the whole menu at his disposal, the less pecunious patron when thirsty need order nothing more than a sandwich. This must be "done in good faith," but the proprietor is not called on, the Magistrate says, to read the guest's mind to determine the extent of that good faith. This is well. Is a man's mind were to always be read to determine his fitness to have what he asks for some of the things he most desires might be denied him. Saloon-keepers are not expected to be mind readers.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

A PATRIOT.

Now, though Pericles Spogg was white through and through, Decoration Day found him exceedingly blue; So he painted old Gotham a beautiful red, "Hurrah for the red, white and blue!" Spogg said.

WELL QUALIFIED.

"Lawyer Cheatem has just been made doctor of laws." "Well, if any one can doctor 'em I guess he can."

EXTRAVAGANT WAGES.

"Commissioner Lindenthal has raised one bridge employee 11-2 cents an hour." "He'd much better have spent the money on building another bridge."

HOW HE LOOKED.

"I hear he ate ten plates of hash on a wager. How did he look afterward?" "Full of mystery."

NATURALLY.

"My burning words seemed to go through him." "Yes, he looked bored."

BORROWED JOKES.

A CHEERFUL VIEW.

"You say you are thankful you have a cold?" "Yes," answered the optimist. "A cold is one of the few ailments that a doctor will undertake to cure nowadays without a surgical operation."—Washington Star.

A SURE THING.

Cassidy—Kearney seems to be doing well in his present job. Casey—Ah! but he'll not last long in it. Cassidy—He seems dacent an' sober now. Casey—Aye! but he'll not last a month. O'live said so ever since he got the job two years ago, an' O'live bet O'live right.—Philadelphia Press.

GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

Justice—The witness positively identifies you as the burglar. Bully Biele—How could he identify me when he had his head covered up in the bedclothing all de time?—Milwaukee Daily News.

SOMEBODIES.

BARRETT, MRS. HANNAH—whose father served under Washington at Valley Forge, is still living, in Boston. She is 102 years old.

ENGLISH, THOMAS DUNN—was Vice-President of the Society of American Authors. The society is to erect a monument over his grave.

FRYE, SENATOR—is an enthusiastic trout fisherman.

GODDARD, DR. J. R.—has translated the Old Testament into the Romanized Ningpo Colloquial. Old New Yorkers who have planned for opportunities to indulge their fondness for reading Romanized Ningpo will rejoice.

JONES, REV. S.—the sensational Georgia preacher, is about to build a \$25,000 business block in Cartersville.

LANDIS, C. B. and F. K.—have been nominated for Congress from Indiana. They are brothers.

MARSTON, MAJOR-GEN.—who saved Sir Charles Napier's life in the battle of Meeanee in 1843, has died at the age of eighty.

TALKINGTON, BOOTH—is co-defendant in a \$200 suit, in which he and an Indianapolis baker are charged with maintaining a nuisance in the form of a doughnut factory.

A PRETTY OLD EGG.

While demolishing an ancient church at Lalinde, near Perigueux, France, some workmen found an egg, apparently in a perfect state of preservation, imbedded in the mortar of a wall that had been standing for fully eight hundred years.

THE CHEAT.

Love and I threw dice one day; Love threw cinque and I threw tray; "Loaded dice!" I straightaway cried; All my protests were denied. Love, in spite of all I said, Pocketed the stakes and fled. Useless further to complain— I had lost my heart again. And the play was false, 'tis true. Ah, I wonder if he knew. With what intricate device I myself had coaxed the dice! —Frank Little Pollock, in Smart Set.

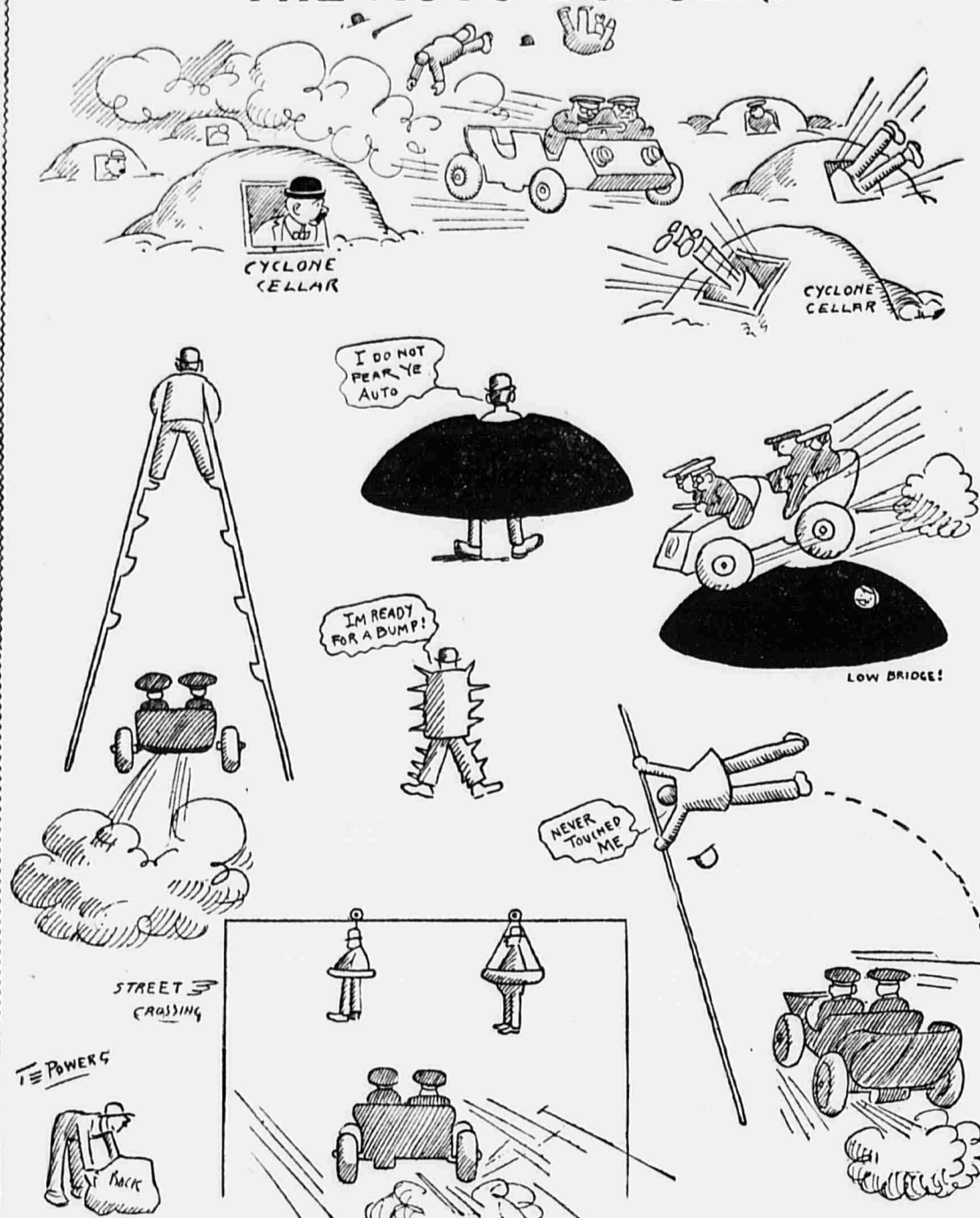
A "Free" Church.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Somebody told me the other day there was no such thing as a "free" church. But I see in your paper an article which says there is such a thing. Let me here state that I have lived in the vicinity of Cobham, where the church stands, for ten years or so, and know it to be exactly as your paper says. The inhabitants scarcely reach 100.

C. STERLING.

Ragtime and Classical Music. To the Editor of The Evening World: The logic of your correspondent's reasoning on the subject of ragtime being the same as syncope music is rather defective from the fact that he confounds a purely musical term with an arbitrarily chosen name from a modern

THE AUTO-DODGER.



In whose brain is there a lodgment some good plan for auto-dodging? Could we have the sort of cellar used for cyclones in the West? If we don't find some good sort of plan for sidestepping the auto, Our community at large may soon be gently laid to rest.

AT VASSAR.



Professor—I don't know about letting you go to the theatre with Mr. Smithers. Are you engaged to him? Gwendolyn—Not yet. But if you'll let me go I will be by the time I get back.

SINGULAR.



Mr. Jones—Blank this confounded razor. It is terribly dull! Mrs. Jones—Why, how strange. John! It wasn't a bit dull this morning when I opened that can of tomatoes with it.

AS REPRESENTED.



Purchaser—Do you remember that you said this horse would eat anything off my hand? Horse Dealer—I did, sir. Did you find him as represented? Purchaser—Yes, the first thing he tried to eat off my hand was five fingers.

A CALL-DOWN.



Waiter—Any one take your order, sir? Guest—Yes; the other waiter took it about an hour ago, but I forgot whether I told him it was for this month or next.

JUST KINDNESS.



Farmer—Here, what ye doin' with 'at 'ere chicken? Mistah Johnson—W-y, yo' see, suh. Ah was passin' by d' coop an' 'An heard dis bu'd squallin' so po'tu, had at Ah thought it mus' be sick, so Ah says, 'nigah, if yo' does yo' duty you'll brung 'at chicken ova, to d' vet'inary su'geon an' git him some med'cine.'

EQUINE JOKE.



The Off Horse—Say, that fly back in the wagon has a long stinger.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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so-called musical composition. Ragtime is, perhaps, so named because of its syncopated notes to distinguish it from similar productions, but syncope is not so called because it happens to be the meter underlying this kind of compositions. Because a waltz is written in three-quarter meter it does not follow that every three-quarter movement (for instance, in Haydn's symphonies) is a waltz. For the same reason it is absurd to call syncope ragtime; and although this form of music is found to a great extent in classical compositions, ragtime no more deserves the term "ragtime" than does that absurd ditty, "Johnny, Get Your Gun," though the meter in which the latter is written is to be found in nearly all classical music. The old as well as modern masters employed syncope only with a view of

expressing certain thoughts and after careful consideration as to its effects. Ragtime, however, is syncope carried ad nauseum, in cold-blooded contempt of all existing laws of music and with an effect wholly unworthy of the term musical. It is syncope gone mad. All lovers of pure music should support Commissioner Hawkes' efforts to check ragtime. It is the craving of an uncultivated mind for just such absurdities as ragtime that keeps the standard of music so low in our country. I am not referring to popular music, some of which deserves the name of music in its broadest meaning. LOVER OF MUSIC

"L" Versus Subway.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I desire to inquire if readers think the "subway," when completed, will

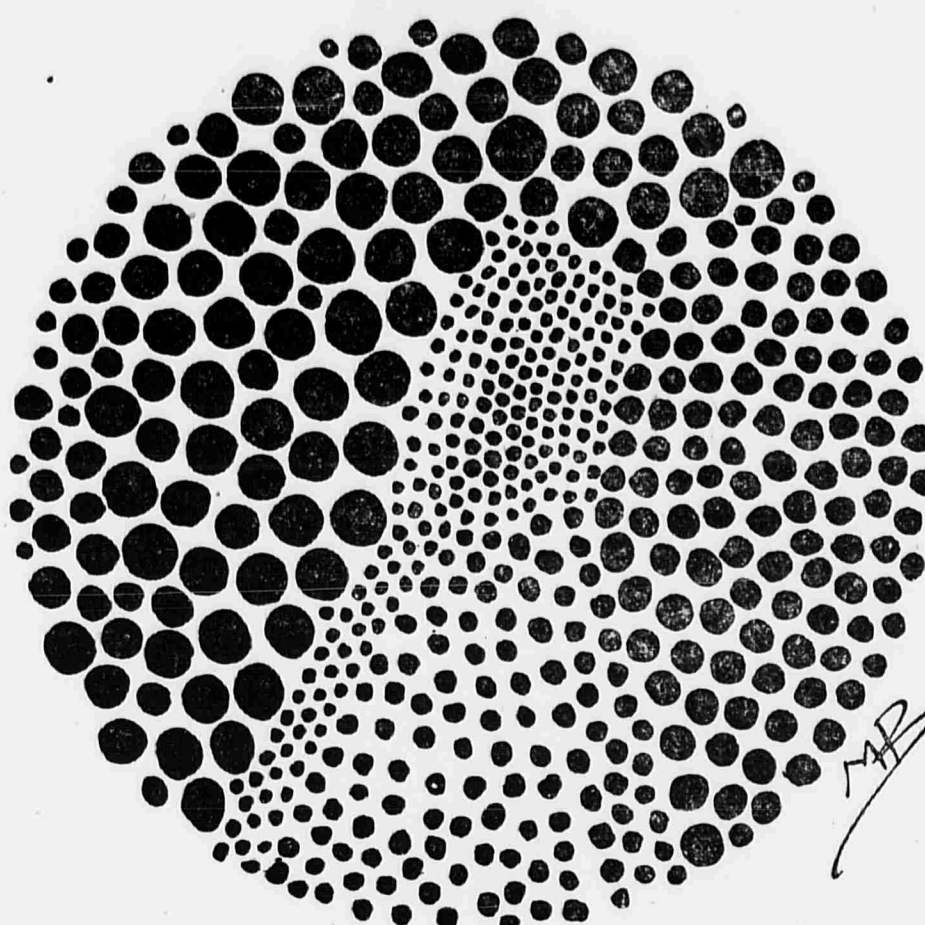
have any effect upon the "L" road. My idea is that the latter should be furnished with "movable steps" at all the stations as it is now at West Twenty-third street. People, then, will not all crowd into the "underground." As the two roads are different companies, I think my idea should solve the problem. CASIMIR STERLING.

Defends Firecracker Nuisance.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The other day I read a letter entitled "The Firecracker Nuisance," written by a "West Sider." I think a boy ought to be a boy and have fun, and if he makes a little noise by firing firecrackers, let him do so. Why, the noise made by the rapid-transit blasting is a hundred times greater. The policeman very likely knows of this noise, but ignores it, as he remembers when he was a boy. NEWTON M. S.

ODDITY CORNER.

HOW ACCURATE IS YOUR EYE?



Look closely at these dots, then, without actually counting, calculate how many of them there are. The chances are all against your coming within one hundred of the correct number. This is a good way of proving how inaccurate your eye may be. Count afterward, and then test the accuracy of your friends' eyes.

HIS WELCOME HOME.

And the Angel Child's Share Therein.

Wilson has been satisfactorily representing his firm abroad somewhere for the past five years. When he landed in town one day last week it was with a long-drawn-out series of distinct thrills that he saw old scenes. Yet there were changes, and important ones. His brother had married soon after Wilson's departure—the same old girl, to be sure; one whom Wilson knew well and of whom he thoroughly approved; but marriage is likely to create differences of one sort or another, and Wilson was rejoiced to feel that the same old fraternal affection was there. This is the conversation that ensued after the greetings were disposed of, says the Chicago News:

Wilson Benedict—Too bad you caught Lottie and Marmaduke out this afternoon. If you had only let us know when you would be here we'd have been down to meet you, Marmaduke and all.

Wilson—Marmaduke? Wilson Benedict—The boy, Tom, the boy! The baby! Your nephew! You'll be a regular godsend to him, old fellow. By the way, you haven't brought him any new games or anything of the sort?

Wilson—Well, no, I haven't, for a fact. Voice (without)—Won't! Tell you I won't. Stop makin' me!

Wilson (nearer)—Will! Will, too! Tell you I will! Wilson Benedict—That's the way to manage him. His nurse tried to get him into the house and he wouldn't come. Now she tells him he can't go in, and nothing could keep him out. It works every time. Ha, ha!

Marmaduke (in doorway)—I broke my top, papa. Want 'nother right away. Gimme a dime. Tell him to go 'way, that ugly man there.

Wilson Benedict—Now, now; this is your Uncle Tom. Come and kiss him.

Marmaduke—Whadju bring me? Wilson Benedict (aside)—There now, I'm sorry we didn't start right down and buy your present. Marmaduke, what is it you want most?

Marmaduke (promptly)—A 'lectric train. Is he goin' to get it for me?

Wilson Benedict—Yes, dear; you'll have it to-morrow afternoon. Now run upstairs. No, no, don't say won't to papa. All right, then; you shan't go at all.

Marmaduke (frantically)—Yah, yah, I will! (Tears out of room.)

Wilson Benedict—There, Tom, you know just what to get for him now, and it's so much better than buying just anything that he might not like, especially when he is so particular. Now, I'll show you your room and coax the boy in to talk to you before dinner. (Leads the way upstairs, Wilson following in deep dejection.)

THE MAN WHO WAS AT ST. PIERRE.

Somebody else would have done this if we hadn't. "Yes, I was at St. Pierre," he said—"St. Pierre, in Martinique." Each hearer bent an eager head To listen to him speak. He drew a long, deep sigh, and they That stood around him there In chorus cried: "Yes, yes—you say 'That you were at St. Pierre.'"

He seemed to gaze away at space, A shiver shook his frame, And o'er his sunburned, stubbled face A look of sadness came. He stood upon his left foot, then He shifted to his right, And sadly sighed, as it again He saw the awful sight.

"You say that you were at St. Pierre," They urged once more, and he At last replied: "Yes, I was there In 1857." Then there were ripping sounds, a shriek, A groan or two, a thud, And he that once saw Martinique Lay silent in the mud. —Chicago Record Herald.

ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Incandescent electric lamps give out much more heat than is commonly supposed. Only 6 per cent. of the energy of the current is turned into light, the remaining 94 per cent. being given off in heat.

A FRENCH NARCISSUS.

Four narcissi blooming on one stem is a floral freak now to be seen in an allotment garden at Wisbech.

ANOTHER "AMERICA" CUP.



Much is said of the "America" Cup which our yachts have for decades successfully kept in this country. We talk less of another international trophy—the American Polo Cup, which we lost to England sixteen years ago at Newport, and for whose possession Foxhall Keene and his polo team are now struggling in England. Here is the cup. May the American team bring it home in triumph!

PLATT'S SILHOUETTE.



Here are the sections of yesterday's puzzle, correctly placed together.

INNOCENT LOOKING, AREN'T THEY?



Here is an apparently happy, innocent-looking family group. The photograph portrays, apparently, nothing but a happy family. Read their names, and, remembering the Humbert mammoth swindle in Paris, you may change your mind about them. The woman on the right is Mme. Humbert. Her husband is in the centre, and Mlle. d'Aurillac is on the left.